THE INSIDE TRAIL

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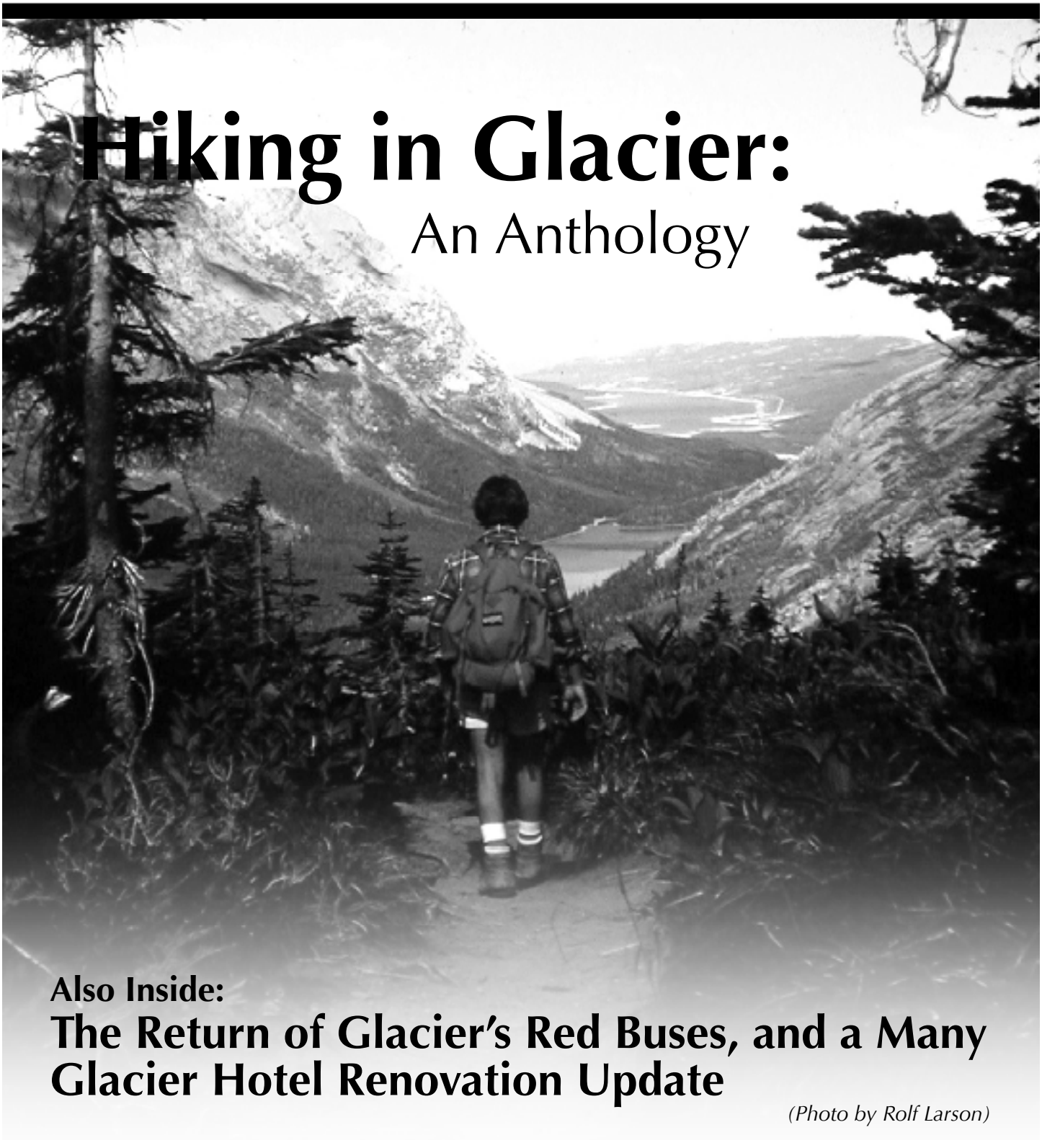


Hiking in Glacier:
An Anthology

Also Inside:

The Return of Glacier's Red Buses, and a Many Glacier Hotel Renovation Update

(Photo by Rolf Larson)

Glacier Bulletin Board

"The Inside Trail" welcomes not only articles, but also brief letters, anecdotes, and photos. Here are some that were sent to us recently.

Remembering The Sorkness Family

Can't tell you how surprised and pleased I was to see the article in the Spring '02 issue telling of "The Sorkness Era". As a child, I was a playmate of Mary Sorkness at Lake McDonald and I spent many happy hours with her and a neighbor, Nancy Johnson Linsay, rambling about the lakeshore in that innocent time before WWII. I remember her kindly parents, so hard working, and her brother as well.

Later, I was delighted to reconnect with Mary, when she came back to work at McD and met Jerry Anderson, whom she later married. I have many photos of Mary as a child and later during that dating period of her life. Congratulations to Johanna Sorkness for recognizing the importance of this piece of history that I thought had been lost!

Mary Grace Galvin (Lake McDonald resident and Lake McDonald Lodge chambermaid 1956)

Identifying The Jammers of '41

Here are the names of gearjammers and Prince of Wales employees shown in the photograph accompanying "The 1941 Gearjammers' Song" in the Spring 2002 issue. From left to right: John Little, Terry Lee, two identified women, Charlie Fisher, Cecile Swanson, Herman Rusch, Dick Smiley, Bill Bartram, Cecile's sister, Stan Getz, Mr. McLeod.

Charlie Fisher (Gearjammer 1940-41)

The Inside Trail takes its name from the famous old trail which connected Glacier Park Lodge with the vanished chalets at Two Medicine, Cut Bank, and St. Mary. The name thus emphasizes the publication's focus on the lore and history of Glacier National Park. We invite submission of historical, scientific, or anecdotal articles, commentary, poetry, or artwork for publication in future issues.

Red Bus Fleet Recommissioned in Lodge-Clearing Blizzard

(by John Hagen, Many Glacier Hotel, 1970-80) *(Photo by Jeff Kuhn)*

Glacier Park's historic red bus fleet was welcomed back into service with celebrations at East Glacier from June 7 to June 9. The festivities, however, were curtailed by a blizzard and a power outage that forced the evacuation of Glacier Park Lodge.

The famous red "jammer buses," built in the 1930s, had been taken off the road in 1999 because of chassis failure. The Ford Motor Company generously undertook to renovate the fleet. Meanwhile, for the past two summers, visitors had been transported around the park by means of white Dodge vans.

As the renovation work proceeded, plans were made to hold a reunion of former "gearjammers" of all eras to welcome the buses back to the park. The reunion was organized with great energy by Leroy Lott, who had driven in 1949-50.

Some 72 former gearjammers gathered at the lodge for the reunion. They were accompanied by scores of spouses and children, Park Service officers, Ford Motor Company personnel, and other interested citizens.

The reunion attendees found 15 of the buses parked in a sprawling arc on the entrance road to the lodge. The glossy mountain-ash red of the freshly-painted buses gleamed against the spring green of the lodge's trees and lawns. Sightseers strolled from bus to bus, climbing into the new bucket seats and discussing subtle changes in tires and fenders.

During the night of Friday, June 7, a wintry storm developed, progressing from cold rain to swirling snow. The official recommissioning ceremonies, therefore, were conducted in the lobby of Glacier Park Lodge. The lobby balconies and buffalo heads were festooned with balloons and banners. Dignitaries spoke from a temporary platform near the lobby's western end.

The program began with a Blackfeet Indian blessing conducted by Clyde Heavy Runner, attired in full headdress and a Hudson's Bay blanket coat. He tapped each dignitary on the head with an eagle feather, and prayed in English and then in Blackfeet for safety for hikers, campers, and for the passengers and drivers of the buses.

The National Park Service presented its "Shoulder to Shoulder" award (a primitive pottery statue of friends with arms linked around a campfire) to Ford, to the National Park Foundation (NPF), and to Glacier Park, Inc. (GPI), the park concessioner. GPI had donated the buses to NPF in order to make Ford's expenditures on them tax-deductible. NPF then had leased the buses back to GPI for operation.

Brief speeches were given by Jan Ek (General Manager of GPI), Sue Cischke (a Ford Vice President), Mike Bento (an NPF Vice President), and Mike Snider (Deputy Regional Director for the Park Service). Pete Hart, the Acting Superintendent of Glacier Park, acted as the master of ceremonies

After the speakers, the audience thronged out onto the porch of the hotel for a brief ribbon-cutting ceremony. One of the buses was parked in front of the porch with a foot-wide ribbon tied in a bow across its hood. The dignitaries, armed with scissors, dodged through icy waterfalls pouring out of the rain gutters of the lodge, and cut the ribbon amid driving snow.

Now a party unfolded in the lobby. Music was played by the wildly whimsical Tropical Montana Marimba Ensemble — nine musicians attired in jungle-patterned sarongs, vests, fezzes, and bicycle shorts, good-naturedly beating on bongo drums and enormous xylophones. This eclectic scene seemed appropriate to Glacier Park Lodge, where Louis Hill once combined Chinese lanterns, totem poles, Navajo rugs, heads of game, and railroad emblems in a fantastic cultural mishmash.

During the afternoon, Blackfeet dancers and drummers entertained in the lobby. Blackfeet balladeer Jack Gladstone sang songs about Napi, Charlie Russell, and the Lewis and Clark expedition. An art show was held in the hotel breezeway. The generations of gearjammers fraternized. And the blizzard continued to fall.

Large snowdrifts began to grow all around the hotel, with red and yellow tulips poking forlornly up here and there. The buses were whisked off to the bus garage, their canvas tops heavy with snow. Avalanches began to rumble down off the roofs of the lodge with startling force — very heavy wet masses of snow like sandbags, which could knock a person down.

At 7:00 P.M., the electrical power failed all over East Glacier. Snow and ice were bringing down power lines in about 250 locations along the mountain front. A gearjammer slideshow in the dining room abruptly came to an end. Diners were asked to sign hand-written room charge tickets, since all the computers had been knocked out and the cash drawers could not be opened.

As dusk faded into total darkness, dozens of people gathered in front of the huge fireplace in the lobby. Flashlights were broken out, and security personnel escorted visitors through the dusky halls to their rooms. All through the night, sleepers were awakened by the periodic rumble of avalanches from the roof.

By Sunday morning, a foot and a half of snow was densely packed on the ground. Squads of Glacier Park Lodge employees were sloshing about with shovels, digging out cars. The lodge had no hot water or heat. A cold breakfast buffet was set out for the guests.

Nothing daunted, the gearjammers continued their scheduled reunion. A series of talks that would have been given downstairs in a meeting room were transferred to the lobby, in order to maximize natural light. Speakers shouted a bit to make themselves heard above the rumble of bellmen's carts and the hubbub of departing guests. Leroy Lott conducted these proceedings with unflagging buoyancy and good humor.

The reunion program was abbreviated when GPI decided to evacuate the lodge. The lack of power, heat, and hot water made

it impossible to entertain guests. A number of gearjammers traveled to Lake McDonald Lodge to socialize informally for another night. The rest drove gingerly away through the slush on U.S. Highway 2. Behind them, the winter storm intensified, dumping down additional masses of snow for another day and a half.

Despite (and to some extent because of) this colorful ending, the jammer reunion was a memorable success. Everyone who attended will long recall the sense of fraternity among the drivers of many generations, and the striking sight of the fleet of glossy red buses parked amid the spreading evergreens mantled with snow.

Unsung Heroes
of the Renovation

(by John Hagen, Many Glacier Hotel, 1970-80)

The renovation of Glacier Park's historic red bus fleet occurred through public-spirited action by large corporations. Ford Motor Company made an extraordinary donation of some $6.5 million to fund the project. The buses' owner, Glacier Park, Inc. (GPI) donated the buses to the National Park Foundation (NPF) to make Ford's contribution tax-deductible. GPI's parent corporation, Viad, authorized the donation. NPF itself devoted major resources to the project.

These corporations all were suitably thanked and honored at the ceremonies to recommission the red bus fleet at Glacier Park Lodge in June. All friends of Glacier Park should join in thanking Ford, Viad, GPI, and NPF for preserving the fleet.

It should be remembered, however, that this achievement was set in motion by numerous devoted private citizens who wanted the buses preserved. When the "reds" broke down in 1999, both the Park Service and the concessioner were inclined to retire them permanently and purchase a new fleet. Their initial impression was that the buses might be too decrepit to restore.

The public . . . emphatically called for renovation of the "reds."

The public, however, emphatically called for renovation of the "reds." Phone calls and letters poured into Park Headquarters in support of preserving the fleet. In response, the Park Service and GPI agreed to hold a systematic inspection of the buses after the 1999 season.

The inspection team included Bruce Austin (an authority on White Motor Co. tour coaches), Dennis Schwecke (a Ford engineer), and Larry Hegg (GPI's chief mechanic). Others involved were Jeff Kuhn (a director of the Glacier Park Foundation), Patrick Scott (of the Denver Transit Authority), and several National Park Service officers (Amy Vanderbilt, Jan Knox, Bernadette Lovato, and Karene Manus).

The inspection team examined a sample of eight buses from the fleet. Although the chassis needed replacement, and numerous other problems were found, the team was impressed by the generally sturdy condition of the bodies.

Following the team's optimistic report, GPI and the Park Service gave closer consideration to renovation. Here Dennis Schwecke's persistent personal efforts had a crucial effect. Schwecke, a Great Falls native, had known for years that the red buses needed atten-

tion. He had been looking for ways to get his company, Ford, involved in the project. At one point, Schwecke e-mailed the company's chairman about the reds, and was given authorization to pursue the project.

With Schwecke as catalyst, GPI and the Park Service started conversing with Ford. Bruce Austin and other citizens actively encouraged these conversations. Among the most active were Leroy Lott (a Texas businessman and former gearjammer) and Harry Wirth (a Minnesota businessman and philanthropist). Through these conversations, the parties agreed that Ford would renovate one of the red buses as a prototype. Ford and GPI would share the cost.

In February 2000, bus no. 98 was driven over snowy roads from Montana to Michigan. Number 98 was chosen as an especially roadworthy bus, but like the others it had no heater. The chilly, 2000-mile drive was completed successfully by Hegg and Steve Ansotegui (aPark Service heavy equipment supervisor).

From this point onward, the red bus project passed into the hands of higher management at Ford, GPI, and the National Park Foundation. The project necessarily came to seem more corporate and less personal for those who had set it in motion. Thanks have properly been focused on the sponsoring corporations. Yet honor is due to the individuals whose energetic commitment brought the renovation about — Schwecke, Austin, Hegg, Kuhn, Lott, Wirth, and dozens of letter-writers who helped reverse the momentum on the issue.

"Unsung heroes" Dennis Schwecke, Larry Hegg, and Bruce Austin. (Jeff Kuhn photo)

Renovation of the REDS

Glacier Park's restored red jammer buses are qui eter, cleaner, safer, smoother-riding, and more powerful than before. They are glossy and freshly-painted, and one can scarcely believe that the bodies have traveled more than 600,000 miles over rugged mountain roads.

The buses retain almost all of the colorful details that have endeared them to six decades of Glacier Park visitors. The running boards, grills, convertible canvas roofs, and mountain-goat insignia remain almost exactly as before. The traditional bus numbers (from 80 to 112) are emblazoned prominently on each individual bus.

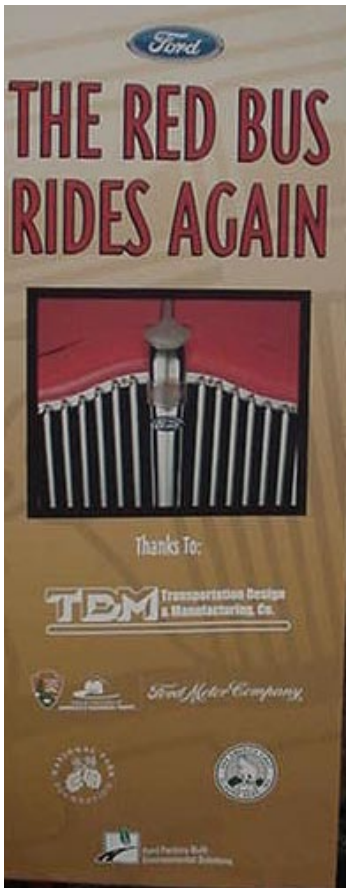
Sharp eyes, however, will identify subtle changes in the "reds." The tires are smaller — the old 21" tires have been replaced by 16" tires to meet current safety codes. The back axles now have dual tires. The fenders (which now are made of fiberglass) are slightly wider in order to accommodate the new frames.

In fact, almost every part of the buses, except for the bodies and roofs, was replaced. The plywood floors were replaced with aluminum

composite. All the windows were replaced with safety glass. The seats were refurbished with new padding and with fire-retardent upholstery. All the door latches were replaced.

The historic bodies were remounted on new Ford chassis, with new brake systems, new exhaust systems, and new power trains. The new engines are capable of running either on gasoline or propane. Propane fueling stations at West Glacier and East Glacier will serve the buses and other vehicles as well. The propane will burn 93% cleaner than the buses' old engines did.

The traditional bus numbers (from 80 to 112) are emblazoned prominently on each individual bus.



Banner displayed at the Red Bus recommissioning ceremony at Glacier Park Lodge. (Jeff Kuhn photo)

One of The renovated "reds," with slightly wider fenders, slightly smaller tires, and dual tires on the back axle. (Jeff Kuhn photo)

Reunion Reminiscences

by Leroy Lott (Gearjammer 1949-50)

Even before the master of ceremonies could say, "Welcome to the only part of the United States (contiguous, that is) located in the sub-artic temperature zone," GPI's Chris McCoy spoke to the partially assembled former gear jammers and advised us GPI was closing Glacier Park Lodge due to power failures. Rooms had to be vacated shortly after lunch.

This news combined with the rain and 20 inches of snow was an auspicious start for the 133 souls gathered to celebrate the Return of the Reds and reminisce about their driving years. 72 of this number were former bus drivers. The Reunion dates were tied to the rededication of 19 of the fleet of 33 open-top touring buses Ford Motor Company has refurbished. Future reunions of gear jammers will be held much later in June or as late as July or August when we can be virtually certain Logan Pass will be open. In spite of, or because of, Mother Nature's uninvited attendance, all of us had another Glacier Park experience to tell our families and friends about. We had a wonderful Red (buses) and White Christmas in June. One quote, ".the trip turned out to be one of our most memorable vacations."

Ford Motor Company requested an opportunity to express their appreciation to all former gear jammers who attended by holding a reception in their honor. The Moccasin Room barely held the large numbers who enjoyed hors douvers and refreshments between 5 & 6 PM on Friday - our first day. The front of the long-sleeved white "Tee" shirts, below Ford's logo stated, "The Red Bus Rides Again." The back side had a side view of our beloved bus along with 3 gears that almost meshed reading, "Once a Gear Jammer Always a Gear Jammer."

We gear jammers couldn't have stated it better! We all wore these on Saturday when the National Park Service, Glacier National Park, the National Park Foundation and Glacier Park, Inc. dedicated these six decades old 'new' 2002 motor vehicles for a return to tourist tour duty. Ford received well-deserved credit! The ceremony was scheduled to be held outdoors. A grand entry of all 19 of these polished-to-perfection Reds filled with Montana Hope children had to be cancelled. Instead, these outstanding vehicles were effectively stranded at the Glacier Park Lodge all day Saturday due to the 20 inches of snow.

Before the ribbon cutting ceremony, the Chief of the Blackfeet Tribe spoke as did the Chairman of the Flathead Indians. While the writer was in the lobby audience listening to the speakers, my wife, Billie, went outside and discovered the bus I drove in 1950, #105, was the one wrapped in a huge blue ribbon with the bow on the grille. She sent word for me to get out front immediately so she could get my picture with this snow-covered icon before the ribbon cutting ceremony. She succeeded, but so did a goodly number of others that asked for "one more." It was not

Reunion organizer Leroy Lott with Jan Metzmaker, executive director of the Glacier Fund. (Jeff Kuhn photo)

me they wanted, it was because I was standing in the snow wearing Ford's white "Tee" shirt with an exposed baldhead collecting huge amounts of the wet stuff. A Texan with snow on his head on June 8th - not a pretty picture.

Saturday night was a getting-acquainted dining evening with an LED slide show of Glacier Park from the 'old days' being shown by Margo Coleman (1984) on white table cloths hung on the window drapes. Margo did a great job of assembling and editing color slides from several time periods.

Sunday was Gear Jammer Reunion Day! Mother Nature and power failure intervened. Instead of the dark Moccasin Room, we settled on the much lighter (sky lights) lobby. The weather had diminished our numbers before we could even assemble. Nothing, however, was going to stop our fun time together. Except for Dr. Dan Hays, who couldn't get in from his East Glacier ranch, all scheduled speakers addressed the crowd of gear jammers, their families and other lodge guests. Included were Rich Williams of Ford, Fred Babb of the NPS, Jan Metzmaker, Executive Director of the Glacier Fund, John Hagen, President of GPF and Dr. Bruce Austin, the Red Bus expert from Loma Linda, California. Margo Coleman played her guitar and sang the song she wrote while a gear jammer. In addition, Margo explained to us her Bear DNA program she handles in Glacier.

After Rich Williams provided us a keen insight as to how the old Reds were dismantled and restored, the writer on behalf of the former gear jammers asked Rich to convey to Ford's CEO, Wm. Ford our appreciation of Ford's investment in restoring the fleet of 33 Reds. We were hereby renaming these 'new' 2002 beauties, "Ford Red Buses" or alternately, "Red Ford Buses." To reinforce this new name, it was noted that a 1948 gear jammer who became a judge, at a reunion in 1998 stated gear jamming was the best job of his entire career. All gear jammers present agreed with the writer it was also the best job they ever had. Ford has made it possible for our grand children and their grand children to hold a reunion 6 decades from now and say, "Gear Jamming was the best job they ever had.

The writer donned his "Gear Jammer 2002" jacket, interrupted Bruce Austin, PhD's History of the Red Buses, long enough to introduce two major players in determining that the old Reds could be restored and then getting Ford to undertake this huge and expensive project. He had Larry Hegg, former Chief Mechanic for GPI and Dennis Schwecke, Ford Customer Relations stand with Bruce, the Red Bus Expert and asked Bruce to relate the roles these two played. Without these three, in the writer's opinion, our historic buses would not have been restored. The other major players had received their accolades on Saturday morning.

The best was yet to come. After eating lunch in the unlighted dining room and checking out of the Lodge, current gear jammers were enlisted by GPI to dig our cars out of the snow and loaded our luggage for the trip roughly 25 of us made over to Lake McDonald Lodge - the favorite of many who made the journey. Dinner was arranged for several tables of us to eat together in the dining room. Otto Clifton, Location Manager, arranged for us to hold our 'circular' sharing session in the employees' dining room. (The power failure had impacted only the east side of the continental divide).

Stories were told, experiences were shared and those of you who could not attend missed out on a glorious Glacier Park experience.

Stories were told, experiences were shared and those of you who could not attend missed out on a glorious Glacier Park experience. Most conveyed their desire to hold future reunions. This one was made possible by Melinda and Jim Wyatt, who were made honorary Gear Jammers with a standing ovationto end the 2002 Gear Jammer Reunion.

• From Bowman to Kintla ... and Beyond • The Gunsight Grizzly • Traversing Glacier's Rooftop • A Death March From Goat Haunt • 75 Miles on the Trail • Moose Fishing at Kootenai Lakes •

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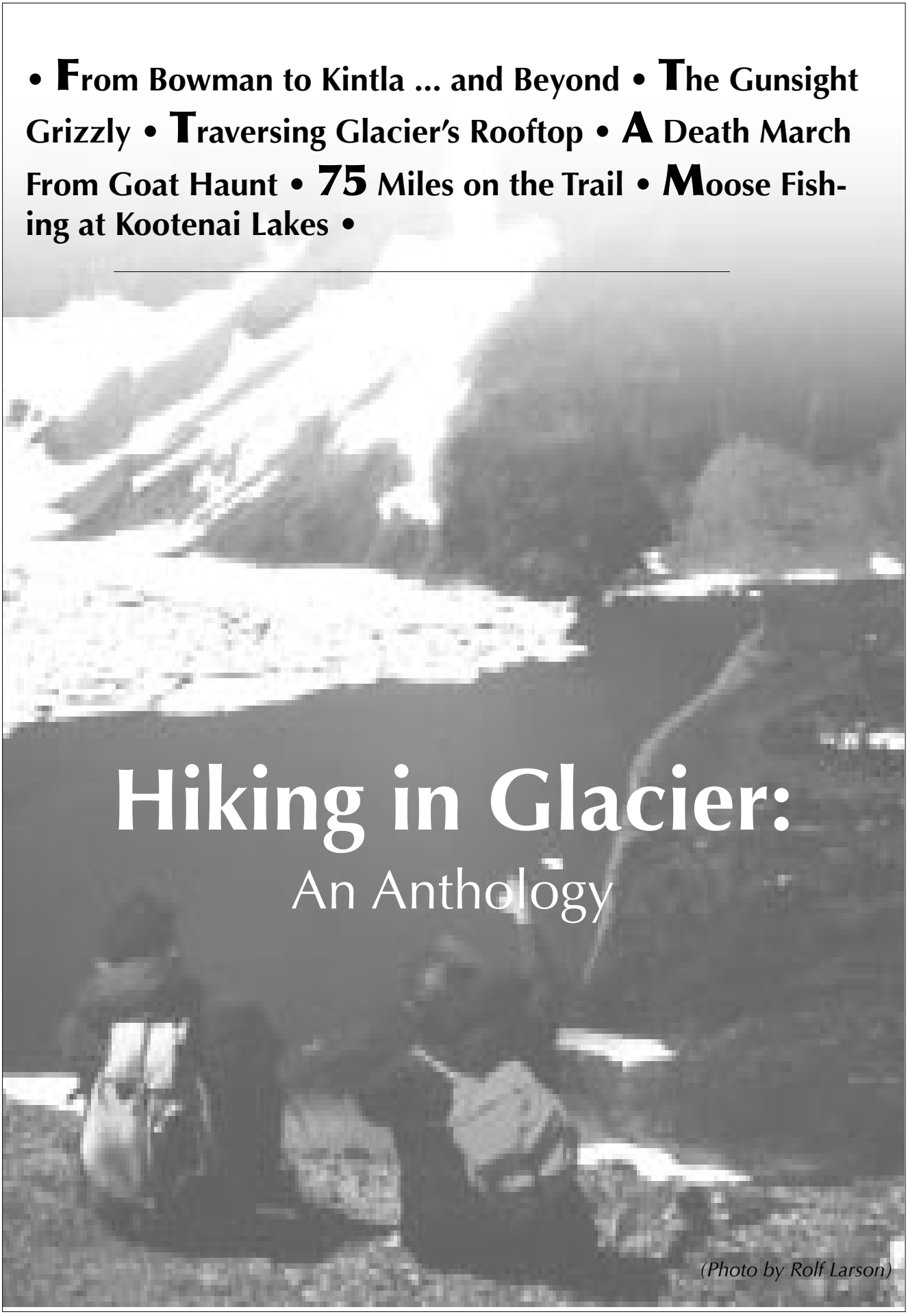
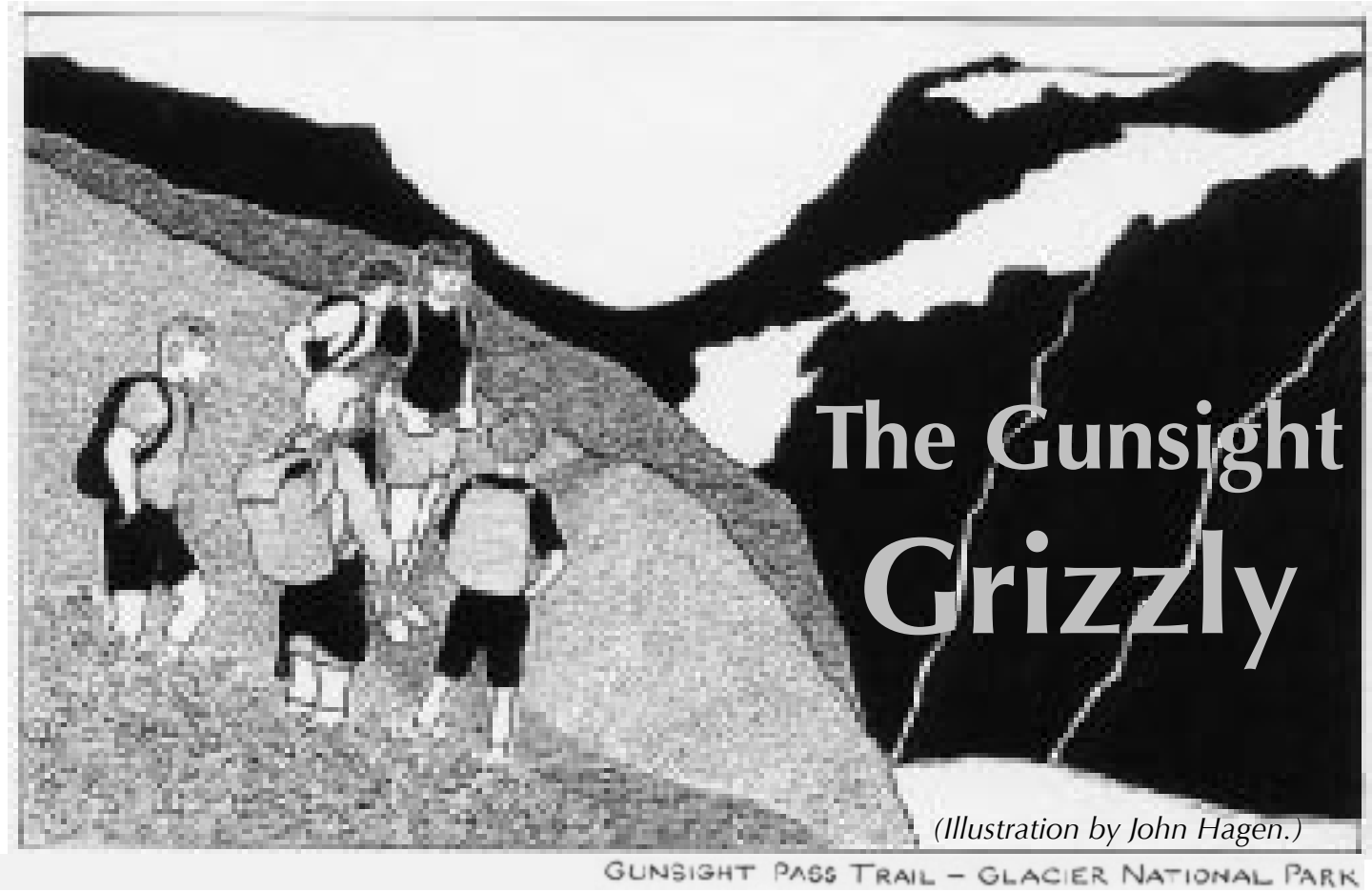


(Photo by Rolf Larson)



by Jack Butt (Many Glacier 1968-70)

My first Glacier Bear Encounter, while I was just a barely eighteen, wet-behind-the-ears Many Glacier room clerk, was chronicled in last spring's issue of the Inside Trail. For those faithful readers who indulged my memories and persisted through it, you may remember that while the Lake Elizabeth experience taught me much of bears, life, and myself, it involved no bear - just a stupid Canadian horse (and a stupider Many Glacier room clerk).

You may also recall the prologue of that tale, that it was merely the first of several bear encounters during my Glacier years. So in response to the editor's unguarded solicitation to submit my 'own favorite backcountry tale for the hiking anthology,' here is another 'tale', truthful to the best of my memory.

Money, for a Glacier 'emp,' was scarce; for those who didn't work for tips, by the time withholdings and meal charges took their toll, a summer's pay might only afford the travel to and from the Park for summer employment, a couple of special dinners at Johnson's in Saint Mary, maybe a birthday celebration having 'real dinner' with friends in the dining room, a little cheap beer, a few fishing lures, and perhaps something really nice from the gift shop for parents, girlfriend or boyfriend. My first summer I made it home, after a fairly thrifty summer, with something less than $100 to provide the social budget for my entire first year of college!

But if money was scarce, time off was truly a precious commodity. It was a five and half day workweek, with overtime regularly incurred to finish tasks that simply couldn't be wrapped within the allotted shift. I wonder now how GPI got around the wage and hour overtime laws!? So at best, a day and a half, and one night a week to hitchhike to Canada, or over to Lake McDonald, or to spend the night on the trail. And how we cherished and planned for those single days off! And most of us, to my recollection, maybe once during the entire summer, engaged in significant shift swapping to accumulate a true three day weekend (after three

weeks without any day off) to make the grand hitchhiking trek all the way to Banff, Lake Louise, or even Jasper, or to spend a wonderful two nights on the trail.

During my last year, as a bellman, I engineered a true sabbatical: four full days, four nights, off! I don't remember the extent to which I hocked my lederhosen, first born or soul to accumulate that wealth, but I recall the anticipation of such a vacation! The places I could go! The things I could do! However, having accumulated such wealth of leisure time, I found I had placed myself beyond the available companionship of my fellow employees - no one else had or could gather the time to match such an extravagance.

But if money was scarce, time off was truly a precious commodity.

So it resolved itself that I would hike into Gunsight Lake, six relatively easy miles off of Going-to-the Sun road, and along the Sperry Chalet route to Lake McDonald, and establish a base camp, to and through which various friends could come and go in the following half week, with their more limited time off.

It was a magnificent camp. Eric Norby, Bill Ledain, Randy Pugh, Herschel Augsperger, and Nedra Smith (now Matteucci) each spent at least one night there along, probably, with others, memory of whom the years have robbed. Various of us climbed Mt. Jackson, explored the upper St.Mary River, Blackfoot Glacier, and the moonscape-like environs of the Glacier. The fishing was good, too, in Gunsight Lake. But all of that had little to do with the Gunsight Grizzly.

I began the trip hitchhiking from Many Glacier to the trail head on Going-to-the-Sun Road. Unencumbered by worries or slower companions, I covered the six miles with a heavy pack in quick time. Gunsight Lake had two, man-made structures there.

One first encountered the trail crew shack some several hundred yards from the lake, out of which a crew based its operations for some part of the summer. It was locked and deserted when I came by it that first afternoon. Word earlier that summer was that a bear had pestered them, but that was old news, and it was obvious the trail crew had not been around for days, perhaps weeks. Closer to the Lake was a trail shelter; a simple, tin roofed, fully enclosed building, painted Park Service green and divided into two, dirt-floored, small rooms, not connected to each other by an interior door, but each having an outside door, one very small window, and a small fire place - a duplex if you will of utmost simplicity and no interior connections. I did note with special attention and approval the heavy, steel outside door and its interior dead bolt - a door I guessed and hoped would withstand a persistent bear.

The trail ran right past the trail shelter, shortly thereafter splitting, the right fork heading some 100 yards to the lake itself, the left ascending along the northern flank of Mt. Jackson as it proceeded to cross the continental divide at Gunsight Pass, on its way to Sperry Chalet and Lake McDonald.

The trail shelter sat on the edge of deep woods, a small alpine meadow lying between it and the lake. The trail cut a useful path from the shelter to the lake, through the knee- to waist-high bear grass, huckleberry bushes and alders that grew in the meadow, interspersed by a few, short pine trees. Halfway to the lake it crossed the outlet stream, a not too scary, ten yard wide, knee-deep wade in the fast flowing, icy water.

I'd arrived mid afternoon. My first guests wouldn't arrive until the morrow, so I took the luxury of calling the vacant trail shelter home for the first night, avoiding the time and bother of pitching a tent. Setting up camp consisted of merely setting my pack in the corner. With camp established, I booted into my chest waders, unpacked my rod and small tackle

kit, and headed, absolutely carefree, to the inviting, completely deserted lake: I had this lovely wilderness to myself!

It was late in the summer, late enough that the biting gnats, no-see-ums and mosquitoes were abated, or at least abated enough that the toxic Rum River Crook that I smoked as repellant seemed to work. It was a glorious day; the breeze danced along the water turning it to a million diamonds in the bright August afternoon sun, and the sky was so blue as to drown you in its intensity. The fishing was slow, and I experimented with my combination fly/spinning rod, switching reels and lures, unperturbed in this Disneyland of wilderness with the mere lack of fishing luck.

As the sun settled directly ahead of me to the west, into the notch of the Continental Divide that gives Gunsight Pass and the lake at its base their names, the breeze stilled and the water calmed into a mirror, on which the trout rising to an early evening hatch reflected their hunger. Within minutes, I'd caught three nice brookies, and hooked and lost or released several more. I didn't want to stop - this was the essence of what the employee fishermen talked, and planned, and dreamed about all summer - hat perfect hatch of the perfect evening of the perfect day.

But the sun was gone, dusk was on me, supper was in hand, I had no light, and it was a ways back to the shelter. Reluctantly, I clambered in my heavy chest waders out of the lake, rod in one hand, three trout hanging from the other, heading for the feast I have so often celebrated in both anticipation and memory: Trout steamed in lemon and butter on the open fire, potatoes baked in the coals to be slathered with butter, and a cold beer to wash it all down.

Anticipating the comfort of getting out of the bulky waders, the relaxed cocktail hour and ultimate feast, I focused absent mindedly on the darkening trail until it encountered the outlet stream. A tump here would not be a pleasant end to the day, so I carefully concentrated on crossing dry, gingerly stepping out onto the slick, damp bank on the other, trail shelter side. I looked up as I headed the last thirty yards to the shelter, and there, squarely between me and the shelter and standing at full height, was a bear staring straight at me.

It was a glorious day; the breeze danced along the water turning it to a million diamonds in the bright August afternoon sun, and the sky was so blue as to drown you in its intensity.

Now, I suppose I could pretend to brag that I fearlessly did everything that I had learned, and thought about, and prepared for, over the prior three years of hiking among Glacier's bears, just right, and that's why I'm here to tell the story. Knowing what I know now, having read with great interest hundreds of bear stories in dozens of books since then, I have resolved that it was sheer, blind, dumb luck and God's wonderful grace that left me for some reason, still unfathomed, here alive on earth.

These thoughts all raced through my mind, in no particular order, in about 5 seconds that seemed like 5 years: There is no one within six miles or twelve hours to help or even hear me scream; I'm holding three fresh fish in my right hand; that bear is at least a foot taller than I am; he's looking right at me but they have bad eyesight (don't they?!?); he's sniffing very diligently - the wind is in my face so maybe he can't smell me - but I can't smell him either...does a bear have a smell? Grizzlies have a dished out face, compared to black bears - what the devil does 'dished out face' mean!!? This bear is light brown - it's hard to tell in this light, but the tips are lighter than the coat - but don't all kinds of bears have all kinds of colors of hair? God, I hope this is a black bear and not a Grizzly! What am I going to do if it charges me right now?

I found that I was not answering very many of my own questions very definitively or satisfactorily, but resolved that I ought to treat

this bear as a Grizzly, regardless of what it was - so what in the heck does that mean? No sudden moves - yeah, that's it - no sudden moves. Talk to it quietly - yeah, quietly! Get rid of these darn fish!!! Where the heck am I going to go?!! The bear is directly between me and the cabin, and all the trees to climb are behind the cabin - will it swim out in the lake to get me? Will I drown or die of hypothermia if I go into the lake in these waders!?

Very quietly, very steadily, I began cooing to the bear in the smoothest voice my subconscious could conjecture would sound completely unthreatening, unprovoking to a bear: 'Easy, bear. Easy bear. Don't eat Jack Butt, Mr. Bear. I'm not going hurt you, Mr. Bear; you can have these fish if you want to eat them, Mr. Bear'

Now, as I write this story some third of a century later, I distinctly remember addressing the bear as 'Mr.', but haven't wondered over all those years until this moment, why I did that. Maybe it was the respect in my address that bought me my life - or the groveling tone of voice; and why in the heck didn't I call it Miss or Mrs. Bear?

The bear just kept on standing - and staring - and sniffing. I prayed that the wind, capricious all afternoon would not shift - best I could figure, the bear wasn't sure who or what I was, and apparently was not going to act decisively until he (she?) got a whiff.

I began backing away, towards the lake and outlet stream, slowly, slowly, step by step. Quietly, soothingly, "Please, Mr. Bear, don't eat Jack Butt Mr. Bear. You can have these fish if you want them, Mr. Bear; I'm not going to hurt you."

At the edge of the outlet stream, I'd put twenty more yards of smooth talking, slow backing between the bear and me. I slowly began twirling the trout on the end of the cord stringer and loosed them as hard as I could , out to the side perpendicular from the line between Mr. Bear and me. The bear stood - and stared - and sniffed.

Fearing to take my eyes off the bear, I glanced down at the stream, and saw, just the other side, a small pine tree, maybe twenty feet in height. I was much closer to the tree than to the bear, but the bear could run more than twice as fast as I could - I cooed once more, softly to the bear, and heart in mouth, plunged across the stream, sprang to the tree, and supercharged with adrenaline, somehow overcame its thick, sharp branches to scramble to its very small, tippy top, where I perched, shaking and gasping, in my hip waders, feeling and looking like a flag pole sitter, in the decidedly swaying top of the tree, looking out to see if the bear had followed.

There stood the bear, staring and sniffing, where I'd first seen him two minutes (or was it twenty minutes?) before.

I took a quick account. It was almost dark; details on the bear, now some fifty yards away, were blurring in the bad light. I had nowhere to go, no expectation of help for at least the next twelve hours. The bear was between me and the only safety. The bear could probably climb this tree or shake me out of it. I was alive and perhaps a little safer than I'd been sixty seconds ago. All things considered, things could be much worse. What do I do next?

The bear dropped slowly to all fours, nuzzled around, and made a move that looked like it was urinating.

Was this an act of disdain?! The bear's whole demeanor made it seem that way: "You weak, scared, foolish looking, stupid, little human, perched in that tree where I could kill and eat you in moment. You're not worth my time!"

Succumbing to the overwhelming stress of the situation, I laughed out loud at how I must have

Now, as I write this story some third of a century later, I distinctly remember addressing the bear as 'Mr.', but haven't wondered over all those years until this moment, why I did that.

looked, and how this bear's reaction seemed to fit perfectly with the comments I attributed to its body language.

Then the bear ambled away, back past and behind the trail shelter. I could hear, I think, the crunch of its feet on the ground twigs and duff - or could I? Or had I, but had it stopped?

This was one of the many times in my life when I realized the really hard decisions don't come with a little instruction book; a red and green light; a clear and certain direction from the Bible, or something your parents, or coach, or best friend or scoutmaster once told you. No matter what I do, I might die a horrible death. Do I get down? Can I stay here all night? How long can I, should I, stay here? Do I run to the shelter? Do I sneak quietly to the shelter? How long do I stay perched like an oversized buzzard in tree the bear can probably tear down? I didn't answer any of the questions. It was dark, I wanted to be inside, I couldn't see or hear the bear. I scrambled down, looked and listened into the increasing darkness, saw and heard nothing.

I eased across the outlet creek, scared that the roaring noise of the current around my legs would alert the bear, or cover the sound of its re-approach, or both; I cleared the stream and looked and listened again, realizing that for most practical purposes I was blinded by the almost full darkness of the arrived nightfall, and deafened by the otherwise merry music of the outlet brook. I began taking one deliberate step after another towards the cabin for no plan more complex than I simply wanted to be inside it.

And then, without thinking, I turned, marched into the bushes where the fish had been thrown, by some act of grace or fate reached down where I though they'd landed and there they were. Having further tempted fate by this detour and enhancement of myself as a food source, I returned my direction and pace towards the shelter. The door did not face me; it was on the side where I would have to pass the front of the shelter and expose myself to view of anything lurking in the woods behind it, to get in it. I continued my stealthy, steady stalk towards the shelter, until finally within ten feet, heart in my throat that the bear was immediately behind it and would charge the moment I moved, I made a desperate dash to the door, was through it, SLAM! And bolted it.

If I weren't safe, I wasn't going to admit otherwise. I was as safe as I could get, and until the bear laid into the door, I was just going to pretend that this was the ultimate bear proof habitat. Indeed, I proceeded to prepare and consume, in the greatest psychological security and coziness, my lemon and butter steamed trout, accompanied by coals-roasted, butter-slathered potato, and beer. And reflected without relent during that meal, as I have many times in the years since then; how many different ways could that have turned out worse? Why didn't it? Am I good, or lucky, or both? And having never resolved any of these questions, I have resolved simply that I am glad and thankful for having been inexplicably delivered that day, for whatever reason and by whatever power, from maiming or death. Sometimes your number just isn't up.

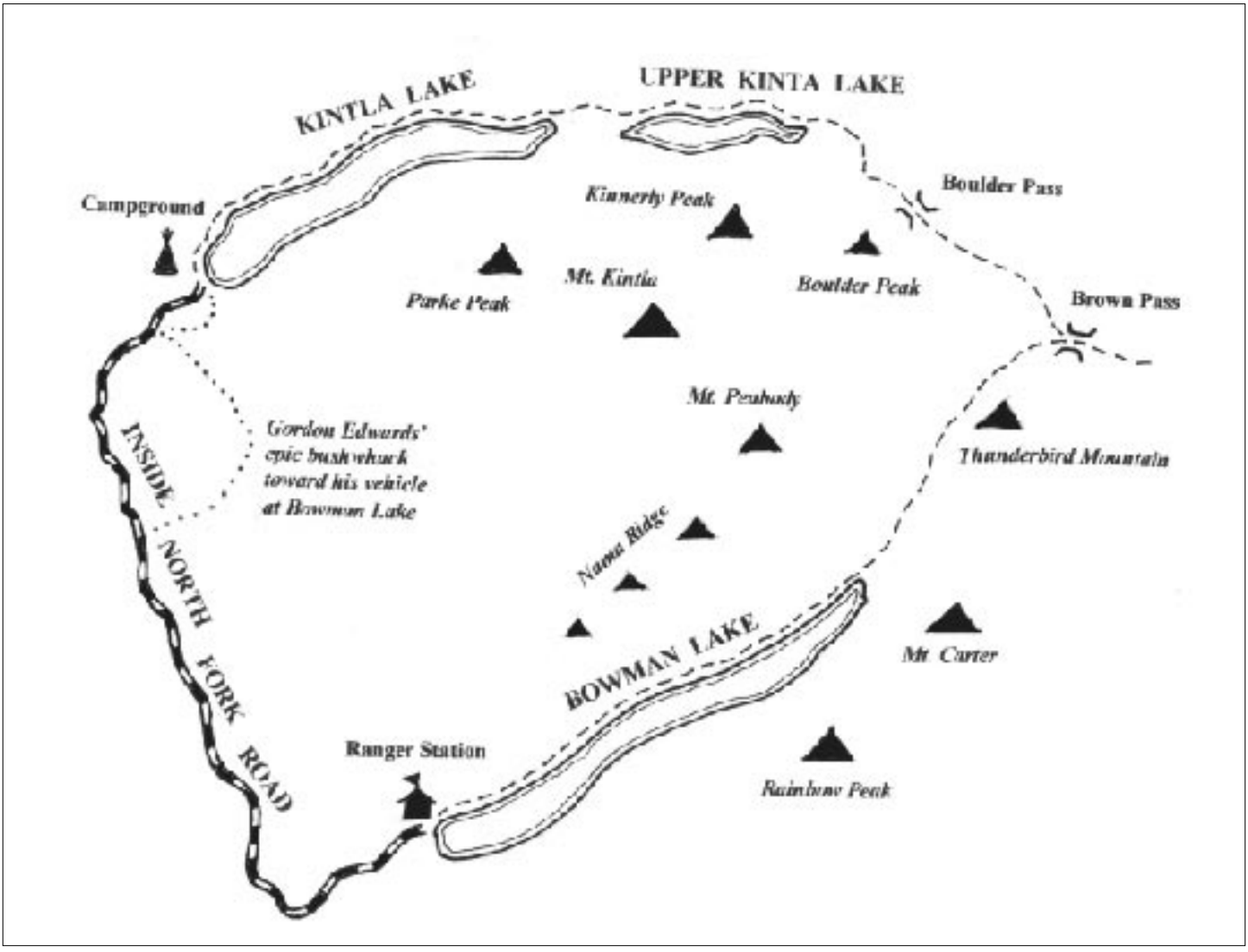
This was one of the many times in my life when I realized the really hard decisions don't come with a little instruction book

A Hike with Gordon and Alice Edwards . . .

'It Snowed and Blowed'

By J. Gordon Edwards, Author of "A Climber's Guide to Glacier National Park"

On 12 September 1947 we camped at the outlet of Bowman Lake, and at 9:00 AM started up the trail toward Brown Pass, a pleasant 16 mile walk. I had never been in that part of the Park that summer, (which was my first in Glacier National Park), and had often wished I could see that pass and Hole-in-the-Wall Basin. My notes state that "it snowed and blowed" all the way from Brown Pass to Boulder Pass, about 6 frigid miles, but was very scenic. We paused beneath an overhanging cliff near Boulder Pass and ate all of the food we had carried... which consisted of only six marshmallows in a small package. We decided against going back to Bowman Lake, thinking we would get out of the snowstorm quicker if we went down the Kintla Valley. (That made sense only because I had no idea that it was over 20 miles down that valley to the road, and we did not have a map). The first 10 miles was not bad, but then it began to get dark, and we had no flashlight (we had not intended to be hiking after dark). After passing Upper Kintla Lake the next 10 miles were a real grind, with the trail



going up and down constantly, presumably to provide interesting views for people on horses!. We stayed on the trail by simply feeling it beneath our feet, and we really saw no views at all ... not even ten feet away! Several small streams crossed the trail, and we would simply strike a match to get a glimpse of the crossing, then jump for it. I kept thinking we must be getting close .... but we were not. I thought that when we reached the campground we might get a ride back to our car, at Bowman Lake, or perhaps the ranger would have a cup of coffee for us. Unfortunately, when we finally reached the campground at 1030 P.M. there was nobody there, and there was nobody at the ranger station either.

We built a fire in front of the ranger station, and sat by it, roasting our front and freezing our backsides for hours. (Later a second fire helped warm our posteriors.) We passed the night commenting on the coyote howls and the barred owl hoots.

The sky lightened about 5:30 AM and I decided to try a short-cut to Bowman Lake via a narrow trail leading in that direction from the ranger station. There was no sign there, and I never did learn where that trail went. About a mile up the trail a huge bull elk threatened me and circled around me as I hid between two large logs. After the elk left I found a smaller trail heading downhill, and it led me to the main road (called the North Fork Truck Trail, at

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that time). I knew it was a long distance down to the spur road that leads 6 miles in to Bowman Lake, and my feet were getting tender. I could see Rainbow Peak from there, and I thought my car was directly between me and that peak, so I decided to take a shortcut through the woods. That proved to be a mistake, but an interesting one. A pack of coyotes followed me rather closely and kept yowling. I had seen pictures of deer that were disembowled by coyotes, and I wondered if they knew the difference between deer and human meat. I kept looking at nearby trees and wondering how fast I could climb. Later I came to some beaver ponds

and waded across them, after which I no longer heard the coyotes. I could not see any mountains, because of all the trees, and my direction was probably far off, because of all the little ridges I was crossing, and because the position of the sun kept changing. Suddenly I saw a cute little bear cub ahead, and then a second one, and then a huge grizzly leaning against a tree trunk near the cubs. Even though nobody had been attacked by grizzlies in the park, to that time, I had heard warnings about them elsewhere, so I quietly backed away, without being seen or heard. I finally decided I should just head south and keep going until reaching a road, then walk the road in to Bowman Lake. About 20 minutes later I discovered a man-made shack, which had obviously been deserted for many years. A narrow lane, badly overgrown, led downhill from the shack, and very soon I did reach a road ... it was the same road I had left hours earlier, and not much further south than when I left it! I gave up, at that point, and decided to just walk down the truck trail until I reached the spur road and then walk the six miles of gravel, to reach my car. That was a good choice! I drove back to the main road and headed north. Soon I saw a human figure in the road and was relieved to see that it was Alice. She had seen nobody all day, and became concerned about me, so she walked about 10 miles down the road, thinking she would go to the car and honk the horn, in hopes I would hear it and be guided to it! After we rejoiced by the road, we heated up a can of soup and drank some warm cokes! I have always remembered that as the pleasant end to one of the most memorable hikes I ever took in Glacier National Park, however I really have no great desire to repeat it right now!

75 Miles on the Trail

East Glacier to Many Glacier, July 14, 1973

by John Hagen (Many Glacier Hotel 1970-80)

In 1974, with eight faithful friends assisting me, I walked nonstop from the Prince of Wales Hotel to Glacier Park Lodge. That adventure (105 miles, with backtracks) took two nights and most of two days. My success in completing it grew out of lessons learned in a failed attempt to walk across Glacier the previous summer. That first unsuccessful attempt — the most miles I ever have walked in a single day — is the tale that I would like to share here.

Looking back on my photographs, I'm amazed at the breezy nonchalance with which we set about this expedition. None of us carried so much as a knapsack! We stuck some candy bars in our pockets, and carried a few odds and ends (beef jerky, athletic tape, and salt to counteract dehydration) in a leather shaving kit. No one carried a water bottle — giardia was unheard-of in those days, and we drank from any fast-flowing stream. We each had a windbreaker, a flashlight, and a bear bell or two (bear spray was a couple of decades in the future). None of us thought to bring a hat to ward off the hot midsummer sun.

The perspective of middle age and of decades of hiking in Glacier makes me want to shout at the callow youth in the photos like Gandalf in The Lord of the Rings ('You fool of a Took! This is a serious journey, not a hobbit walking-party!). Yet, despite our carelessness and nonchalance, we all were seasoned hikers. Two years earlier, I had walked the 65-mile North Circle trail. Dave Paulus had done a 50-mile day. Ron Zahn, our companion, was new to Glacier that summer, but was a sturdy hiker.

Our plan was to start at Glacier Park Lodge at midnight on July 13. We would walk north along the Inside Trail — the famous old trail which in Glacier's early

John Hagen, Ron Zahn, and Dave Paulus at Scenic Point, about 2:00 A.M.

John Hagen on Triple Divide Pass (all photos from the author's collection)

years had conveyed horse parties from the lodge to Two Medicine Chalets, Cut Bank Chalets, Red Eagle Tent Camp, and finally St. Mary Chalets. Near St. Mary, we planned to turn west on the trail along the south shore of St. Mary Lake. Then we planned to climb Going-to-the-Sun Road to Logan Pass, walk up the Highline Trail to Goat Haunt, and push on to Waterton — 95 miles in all.

The only navigational problem we anticipated was at the start of the hike. None of us ever had taken the first leg of the Inside Trail from East Glacier over Scenic Point to Two Medicine. We were told that the trail was somewhat hard to follow from its starting point along the East Glacier golf course through the first mile of brushy forest. Since we were planning to start in darkness, we made inquiries for a guide.

Tom Doering, a gear-jammer, kindly agreed to guide us over the first miles of trail. He expertly led us through the confusing aspen groves at the start of the hike, and then up into rugged foothills. Tom was a genial companion and an excellent astronomer. He pointed out constellations and planets (including Saturn, which impressed me because it is faint and hard to distinguish from a star). Ever since that night, thanks to Tom, I have kept track of the planets in the sky.

We strode along at a brisk pace, forging uphill at nearly 4 mph. We came to Scenic Point, a fine vantage point overlooking the high plains. There we saw an awesome sight. On the black prairie lay the golden lights of Browning (about ten miles to the east) and of Cut Bank (forty miles away). They looked like the campfires of great armies. This stirring scene seemed to embody the words of The Battle Hymn of the Republic: "I have seen him in the watchfires of a hundred circling camps."

We followed the trail along the stony open shoulders of Mt. Henry under the vivid starry sky. Then we descended to Two Medicine, arriving before 3 A.M. The chalet, the launch Sinopah, and the campground all were dark and profoundly still. We gave our earnest thanks to Tom, who set off down the road for East Glacier.

Now Ron, Dave, and I strode off on familiar ground — the long forested trail up the Dry Fork. We yelled and waved our flashlights and jingled our bear bells to warn off wandering bears. In two hours, we arrived at Old Man Lake and started up the long steep switchbacks leading to Pitamakan Pass.

Dawn was spreading over Glacier's mountaintops as we arrived on the pass. Below us, the Cut Bank Valley, Pitamakan Lake and the Lake of the Seven Winds still lay enveloped in inky shadow. We loped down the trail into the valley, having covered about 18 miles in about five hours.

Unexpectedly, trouble arose. As we descended the rough, rocky trail, Dave developed a cramped foot. He gamely tried to shake off the pain and to loosen the muscle, to no avail. After plodding for six more miles down the valley, he felt compelled to abandon the hike. Dave left Ron and I at the trail junction to Cut Bank Campground, walked to the campground and hitchhiked back to Many Glacier.

Ron and I turned westward up the steep climb to Triple Divide Pass. We stopped there to admire an array of stark, stony peaks — Split Mountain, Mt. Norris, Razoredge Mountain, Medicine Grizzly Peak, Mt. James, and Tri-

ple Divide Peak (from the summit of which water courses away to the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans and to Hudson's Bay). We would have appreciated a drink of that water on the arid pass. At mid-morning, the day was already hot, and from now on we would be exposed almost constantly to the blazing sun.

We descended long rocky slopes and then long wooded switchbacks to Red Eagle Lake. We continued northeastward along Red Eagle Creek, as the heat grew more oppressive. At length we came to the fork in the trail between St. Mary townsite and St. Mary Lake. Here Ron decided to end his hike. He walked out to the townsite and hitchhiked home, having covered about 47 miles.

Crossing Red Eagle Creek, around noon

I took the long trail leading westward along the south shore of St. Mary Lake. The noonday sun was now intense, and the streams were few and far between. 1973 was a very dry summer, and I began to see the folly of taking such a trip without a water bottle or a hat.

I passed under the spires of Red Eagle, Mahto-topa, Little Chief, and Citadel Mountains, in their stately file along the shoreline of St. Mary Lake. At the lake's west end, I passed the great waterfalls, Virginia and St. Mary, and made my way along spur trails to the pavement of Going-to-the-Sun Road.

The following portion of the hike was the most daunting physical challenge that I ever have faced in my life. The temperature was in the high 90s — an extremely hot day for Glacier — and as I walked up the roadside I was completely exposed to the withering sun. I was weary and parched with thirst, and there were only a couple of water sources (Siyeh Creek and Lunch Creek) along the last few miles to Logan

Hagen and Zahn at Red Eagle Lake

Pass. The road ran relentlessly uphill. My quadriceps and hamstrings ached, and I was breathing in panting gasps.

I knew that I was too spent to complete the hike to Canada. The question now was whether I had the will power to push on to Logan Pass. The steep pitch in the road above Siyeh Bend seemed almost impossible to climb. I was near the point of giving up and hitchhiking back down the road. Then a deadheading jammer bus taking a group of off-duty Many Glacier employees homeward suddenly passed by. The employees, standing up in the open bus, gave me a cheer, which steeled my will. I pushed up the steep slope and painfully plodded the last two miles to Logan Pass. The visitor center there, nestled under snowy Mt. Clements amid

fields of gorgeous multicolored flowers, seemed like a vision of paradise — gradually, gradually drawing closer, through enormous effort and pain.

I was near the point of giving up . . . . Then a deadheading jammer bus taking a group of off-duty Many Glacier employees homeward suddenly passed by. The employees, standing up in the open bus, gave me a cheer, which steeled my will.

At Logan Pass, I threw myself on the ground and rested for awhile. The panting gradually subsided, and my heartbeat gradually slowed. I drank and drank from the water fountain, took salt to electrolyze the fluid, and managed to eat a little food. Meanwhile, I pondered what to do next.

Completing the full hike was out of the question, but if I had strength enough, I thought I should hike on to Granite Park Chalet. We had arranged for David Manzer, another Many Glacier employee, to rendezvous with us there with a food cache. The plan had been for David to join us on the last 33 miles to Waterton. The rendezvous was to have taken place around 3 P.M., and it was now nearly 6 P.M. I thought that David probably would have given up on us and returned to Many Glacier before I could reach the chalet, but I thought that I should try to go.

I started out along the Highline. I was sore and tired, but I found that I could walk at a normal hiker's pace of about 3 mph. The heat had subsided, and the evening was very beautiful as the sun sank toward the peaks of the Livingston Range.

Around sundown, I reached Granite Park Chalet. The employees there told me that David had faithfully waited for us until early evening. He finally had left to return to Many only about an hour before. I drank a pitcher of Granite Park kool-aid, bought a slice of apple pie, and then started uphill toward Swiftcurrent Pass as twilight fell across the park.

I remember the golden lights of the Swiftcurrent Fire Lookout shining out above me against a sky of deep blue in which stars were just beginning to show. It was a benevolent, peaceful image, and it gave me a profound sense of the providence of God. I started down the switchbacks of Swiftcurrent Pass, unexpectedly renewed in strength. I smiled to find a trail of orange peels along the side of the path — they had been left by Manzer, eating the food cache as he trotted home; the ground squirrels hadn't yet had time to discover them and clear them away.

I reached the floor of the Swiftcurrent Valley about 9:00, as full darkness was falling. I switched my flashlight on, and shouted periodically for bears. But I continued to feel a sense of benevolent providence surrounding me, and hiked on unafraid.

I reached the lobby of Many Glacier Hotel at the stroke of 11 P.M. I had completed a hike of 75 miles in 23 hours. Ian Tippet, the

In the withering sun at Logan Pass

manager, was in the lobby. He graciously led me to the cafeteria and gorged me on milk and cake. Then I shuffled off to the dormitory, showered, and tumbled into bed. My notebook shows that I rose to work my shift as a bellman the next day "sore in the ankles," but otherwise reasonably sound.

I learned from the lessons of this hike. In planning another length-of-the-park attempt the next summer, I made sure that everyone had a hat and that we took a number of water bottles along. We took the hike from north to south, so that the exposed midday walk on the road would be going downhill instead of uphill. And we carried knapsacks containing more food, space blankets, and other emergency gear.

The 1974 adventure brought its own challenges, and the satisfaction of finally completing a nonstop hike across Glacier. But I never will forget the earlier trek, and the exhausting climb up Logan Pass in the withering midsummer heat.

Death March from Goat Haunt to Many

by Dick Schwab (Many Glacier, 1947-1952)

Although Granite was the favorite destination of several of us during the first years we worked in the Park, we somehow found time and energy to range over a good share of the trails in the northern half of Glacier where most of the best ones are. I have always thought the pickings off Highway 2 were pretty slim, and besides, it was perilous to depend on hitch-hike rides that far away.

By the end of the first year we had taken a majority of hikes around Many and toward Logan Pass, and some of us got involved in ambitious expeditions. Sometime in late August or early September of 1947 one or another of the members of the JOF Trio, probably Steve Farbotnik, got the idea of taking the stupendous hike from Goat Haunt at the end of Waterton Lake over Stoney Indian and Ptarmigan Passes back to Many, some thirty-four miles of extraordinary wilderness and mountain country.* We got started a bit late, packed in the JOF Trio's Jeep for the rough ride to Waterton. By the time we arrived, the International launch, which we had intended to take to Goat Haunt on the south end of the great lake, had already left. Nothing daunted, we hired a ride in a small boat with a man who promised to drop us off (technically illegally because he did not have an international license) at the end of the lake. This turned out to be the first major misadventure of several in that long, eventful day. Unfortunately, the small boat had its motor situated in the middle, and we passengers sat in the stern inhaling its noxious fumes throughout the long, slow voyage to Goat Haunt. By the time the boatman let us off (we may have had to wade in because he could not legally dock) some of our group were deathly ill. I remember seeing one or two of the party laid out on the beach looking very pale and green and not able to move for awhile. Eventually fresh air and natural resilience took care of the effects of the poisonous fumes, and we set out purposefully on our thirty-four miles. We knew it was not the best idea to start that expedition around noon, but there was little alternative. At least we were assured that if we kept at it we would get back to Many in time for work the next day.

By the time we had hiked up the Waterton Valley and the many switchbacks to the crest of Stoney Indian Pass it was dusk, and we were beginning to fade. It was Indian Summer, late August or

early September, and the weather was calm and quiet. Suddenly we all froze in our tracks at the sound of a terrifying scream not far down the trail. It kept going on, turning into something like a Tarzan yell accompanied by violent coughing sounds. "What the Hell is that?" someone gasped. We looked at one another with tense, drawn faces. It flashed through my mind that it might be an insane woodsman wielding an ax or a grizzly gone beserk. And there we were, helpless out in the middle of nowhere with night fast approaching. Then the scream was repeated across the great valley, and we realized it must be the mating call of a bull elk. From that point on we heard unearthly trumpetings the whole night long, echoing back and forth from all the mountainsides that border the wide valleys of Glenns and Crossley Lakes and the Belly River. Night fell, and a bright moon came out. The scene had an eerie and nebulous quality, as on and on we trudged to the haunting sounds of bull elks continually challenging one another from the shoulder of one mountain to the next. The more exhausted we got, the more dream-like the experience seemed. By the time we saw the ethereal view from the bottom of Crossley Lake of the mountains to the south bathed in the moonlight, we were nearly comatose. And that was only about half the way back. From then on it was simply an endurance contest. Not long after we left Crossley Lake the moon disappeared. In pitch darkness we somehow found the way over toward Elizabeth Lake, which, as I recall, involved fording an icy stream. The endless climb up the trail from there to Ptarmigan Tunnel is terrible under good conditions, and we soon got to the point where we could barely put one foot in front of the other. Suddenly, part way up the many switchbacks, we spotted a dark form in the middle of the trail. Our blood froze again, for we thought it was a bear. But when the shadowy figure moved and sat up, we saw it was one of our party who had gone a ways ahead and fallen asleep. The shot of adrenaline from that scare probably revitalized us enough so that we were able to drag on to Ptarmigan Tunnel. From there on a combination of gravity and robotic reflexes in our legs took us the five or six miles down to the Swiftcurrent cabins. We arrived somewhere between 3:00 and 4:00 A. M.

Some of our visiting friends had rented a cabin there, and they had told us to join them for a party when we got back. We saw a light in the cabin, but heard no sounds. Then came the biggest test of the whole journey. We quietly staggered in, whispering as softly as possible. The occupants of the cabin had gone to bed, and we saw swirling before our famished eyes a tabletop literally covered with the most sumptuous imaginable array of hors d'oeuvres the waitresses had salvaged from a banquet at the Many Glacier dining hall. BUT WE DID NOT TOUCH IT! We could not see whether the party-goers had left a note for us to help ourselves, and we were afraid it was all for some kind of festivity they had planned for the next day. That is how honorable we were in those days. We were near dying of hunger and yet we would not touch a morsel. Noble youths. Instead, we directed our leaden feet silently out the door so that we would not wake anyone up, and staggered all the way over to the dormitory at Many, where we collapsed on our bunks for a couple hours of sleep before returning to work in the morning. When we got together with our friends the next day, they were appalled. The waitresses had left all that food out specifically for us!

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Traversing Glacier's Rooftop -

Cathedral to Merritt to Cleveland

by Dick Schwab (Many Glacier, 1948-1952)

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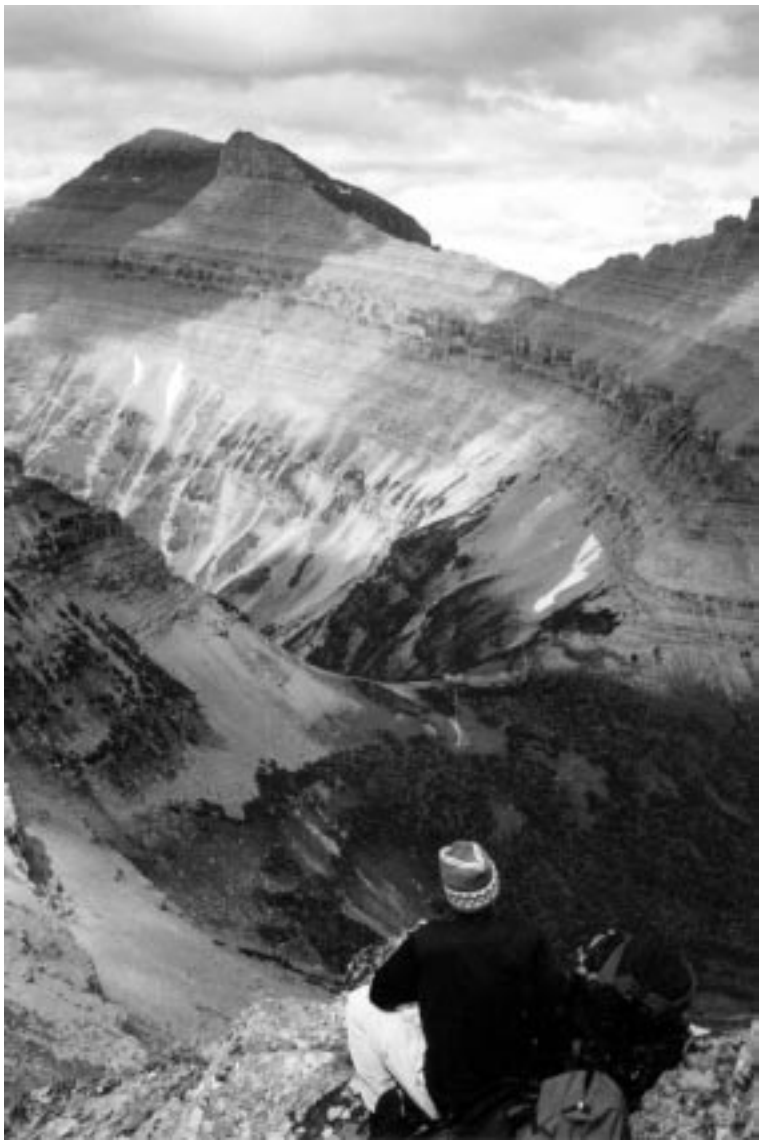
By the time we had hiked up the Waterton Valley and the many switchbacks to the crest of Stoney Indian Pass it was dusk, and we were beginning to fade. It was Indian Summer, late August or early September, and the weather was calm and quiet. Suddenly we all froze in our tracks at the sound of a terrifying scream not far down the trail. It kept going on, turning into something like a Tarzan yell accompanied by violent coughing sounds. "What the Hell is that?" someone gasped. We looked at one another with tense, drawn faces. It flashed through my mind that it might be an insane woodsman wielding an ax or a grizzly gone beserk. And there we were, helpless out in the middle of nowhere with night fast approaching. Then the scream was repeated across the great valley, and we realized it must be the mating call of a bull elk. From that point on we heard unearthly trumpetings the whole night long, echoing back and forth from all the mountainsides that border the wide valleys of Glenns and Crossley Lakes and the Belly River. Night fell, and a bright moon came out. The scene had an eerie and nebulous quality, as on and on we trudged to the haunting sounds of bull elks continually challenging one another from the shoulder of one mountain to the next. The more exhausted we got, the more dream-like the experience seemed. By the time we saw

the ethereal view from the bottom of Crossley Lake of the mountains to the south bathed in the moonlight, we were nearly comatose. And that was only about half the way back. From then on it was simply an endurance contest. Not long after we left Crossley Lake the moon disappeared. In pitch darkness we somehow found the way over toward Elizabeth Lake, which, as I recall, involved fording an icy stream. The endless climb up the trail from there to Ptarmigan Tunnel is terrible under good conditions, and we soon got to the point where we could barely put one foot in front of the other. Suddenly, part way up the many switchbacks, we spotted a dark form in the middle of the trail. Our blood froze again, for we thought it was a bear. But when the shadowy figure moved and sat up, we saw it was one of our party who had gone a ways ahead and fallen asleep. The shot of adrenaline from that scare probably revitalized us enough so that we were able to drag on to Ptarmigan Tunnel. From there on a combination of gravity and robotic reflexes in our legs took us the five or six miles down to the Swiftcurrent cabins. We arrived somewhere between 3:00 and 4:00 A. M.

Some of our visiting friends had rented a cabin there, and they had told us to join them for a party when we got back. We saw a light in the cabin, but heard no sounds. Then came the biggest test of the whole journey. We quietly staggered in, whispering as softly as possible. The occupants of the cabin had gone to bed, and we saw swirling before our famished eyes a tabletop literally covered with the most sumptuous imaginable array of hors d'oeuvres the waitresses had salvaged from a banquet at the Many Glacier dining hall. BUT WE DID NOT TOUCH IT' We could not see whether the party-goers had left a note for us to help ourselves, and we were afraid it was all for some kind of festivity they had planned for the next day. That is how honorable we were in those days. We were near dying of hunger and yet we would not touch a morsel. Noble youths. Instead, we directed our leaden feet silently out the door so that we would not wake anyone up, and staggered all the way over to the dormitory at Many, where we collapsed on our bunks for a couple hours of sleep before returning to work in the morning. When we got together with our friends the next day, they were appalled. The waitresses had left all that food out specifically for us!



Stoney Indian Pass and the route to Mt. Cleveland (in the distance) as seen from Cathedral Ridge; Kyle Roybal in foreground (Nathan Taylor photo)

Moose Fishing at Kootenai Lakes

by Chet Bowers (Gearjammer 1941, 1946)

Dick Fossum, the Glacier Park Hotel Company's Auditor and General Cashier (1946), and I were in Waterton about 1950 when we heard of the sizable Brook Trout to be found in Kootenai Lakes, about one mile south of Waterton Lake's southern tip.

We rented an inboard ("2 banger") 12-foot dinghy from Slim, who operated the Waterton navy, and took off at 6:00 A.M. the following morning, equipped with fishing gear, beverages, and repellent. Our navigation didn't include a time/distance study. After a couple of hours putting down the western shore we realized that, at 3 to 4 knots per hour, it was going to be a long day!

We beached the dinghy at about 11:00 A.M. and packed our gear into the Lakes, which are really a bunch of meandering sloughs. We had caught a couple of nice Brookies and were wading along a bank thickly covered by 4 to 5-foot brush when a loud crashing sound followed by the appearance of a young Bull Moose got our immediate attention. It was close to rutting season, and I could count the veins in his fiery red eyeballs. Foss and I tried to walk on water, but were soon up to our chins as we bounced our way to the opposite bank — swimming was not an option, as our boots were full of water.

We arrived back at the Waterton docks about dusk. Slim was glad to get his boat back, and we had again proven that old adage, "Any day is a good day at Waterton."

Many Glacier Hotel Renovation Report

by John Hagen, Many Glacier, 1970-1980

Many Glacier Hotel could have crumbled and collapsed like a deck of cards when it was jacked up and moved sideways late last year. This possibility deterred contractors from bidding on the project. The National Park Service approached some 70 firms about the renovation project, but was given only two bids.

Water draining beneath the hotel for many decades had caused the main wing's foundations to drop. This produced a sag toward the west that had been especially visible in the main wing's basement hallway, "Stagger Alley."

Last fall a new foundation wall was built adjacent to the old one. The main wing was raised with hydraulic jacks. Then, amid great suspense, the wing was gradually boosted sideways by means of pushing with the jacks and pulling on cables. After a day of this, the building came to rest on the new wall.

The results of this work were remarkably good. Many Glacier's wooden frame was flexible enough to absorb the shift. The complex network of plumbing and sprinkler pipes and electrical conduits moved with virtually no damage at all. Stagger Alley was straightened to within two inches of plumb. The building's main wing now is structurally stable.

Extensive additional work has been done at the hotel. Stagger Alley's guest rooms all were gutted and rebuilt. Many of the exterior balconies were renovated on the east side of the main wing and on the south end of the Annex. The hotel's siding was removed, and steel supports were tied to the side walls. Steel balcony supports were then constructed and

Many Glacier Hotel could have crumbled and collapsed like a deck of cards when it was jacked up and moved sideways late last year. This possibility deterred contractors from bidding on the project.

sheathed with wood. The siding then was replaced on the walls, preserving many original boards.

Next fall, and continuing into 2003, additional work will be done on the exterior of the hotel. The rest of the balconies will be rebuilt, and the siding behind them repaired. The roof will be replaced and restored to its original grey shade.

When the exterior is completed and the building effectively "sealed," work will proceed in the interior. Guest rooms will be rebuit and wiring and plumbing systems repaired. At some point, the Park Service hopes to restore the famous Circular Staircase that once connected the lobby and the basement, but was torn out in the 1950s.

The total cost of the renovation is presently estimated at $25 to $27 million. Most of this money is expected to come from federal appropriations. Some of the interior work will be funded by the concessioner, GPI.

Every federal dollar invested at Many Glacier will reduce GPI's possessory interest by the same amount. The possessory interest is the sum which a competitor would have to pay GPI if the competitor were awarded concession rights. GPI's present 25-year concession contract expires in 2005. The National Park Service will call for competitive bids for a new long-term concession contract at that time.

Renovations in progress at Many Glacier Hotel during Fall, 2001. Balconies and siding stripped from the main wing of the hotel have since been replaced. (Park Service photo)

A Memorial to Bill and Terry Treacy

by Dick Fossum (Lake McDonald Lodge and Glacier Park Lodge,1946-49)

The Glacier Park Hotel Company 'Alumni Association' lost two of their best recently, with the deaths of Bill Treacy in February and of Terry Culligan Treacy, his wife of over 50 years, in April. Bill was the golf pro on the Glacier Park Hotel course in the 1947-8-9 seasons, and worked on the course in 1946 prior to being named pro. These were the seasons following World War II, when the hotels reopened to the public.

Dick Fossum, Bill Treacy, and friend on the Glacier Park golf course, 1948 or 49 (photo courtesy of Jim Kelly)

In 1947, Bill met another St. Paul native working at GPH, Terry Culligan. Terry worked there for three summers in 1947-8-9, as a dining room waitress. Bill and Terry met that summer of '47, and Bill fell for her, and she reciprocated by returning for the following seasons. Probably not coincidentally, Terry showed promise of talent for golf, and Bill eagerly nourished that, leading to their being golfing partners for the rest of their lives. They had ten children, all surviving, many in the Twin Cities area.

In those years, when the G.P.H. Co. was owned by the Great Northern Railway, most — perhaps 90% — of the summer staff were Minnesotans or students at Minnesota colleges. The staff remained close between summers. Reunion social events were frequent and popular, and parties at the Treacys' Summit Avenue home were among the best remembered.

It's been 56 years since Bill and Terry and their fellow mug-wumpers began those memorable seasons in Glacier, and they counted those summers as the best in their lives. But then, don't we all?

by Jim Kelly, Jr. (Glacier Park Lodge, 1946, 48)

Bill Treacy and I got to the Park in June '46 to work on the golf course. Bill's brother Steve, just back from World War II as a P51 fighter pilot, was the 'pro' in 1946. Bill had just gotten out of the Coast Guard and I was waiting to be drafted, so when Steve sent word of the need for two golf course workers, we were on our way. We had a great summer cutting the greens and doing other repair work. We reported to Herk (short for Hercules) Thompson, who was the head handyman and drove a spotless '39 Packard Coupe.

Bill Treacy and Jim Kelly ('Don't be alarmed — that's not my hat') at the end of a tough match in July 1948 (photo courtesy of Jim Kelly)